

A SPRINGTIME SURPRISE FOR THE WHEELER FAMILY.

Ready For Fame.

"Look here, Jim," said Tenspot to his friend, Foadick.

"I'm looking."

"I want an explanation of this thing."

"What thing?"

"You have been writing away industriously for four or five years, to my certain knowledge, and yet you have never had anything published."

"That is true."

"My dear boy," replied Foadick, "I'll let you into a secret. You understand that as soon as an author makes a hit he is in immediate demand, and I have no intention of being caught unprepared when Fame arrives. For several years I have been stocking up with manuscripts, so that when I finally publish the great work which shall take the reading world by storm and publishers begin to beseech me for manuscripts I shall be able to supply the demand. I rather flatter myself that my plan is a very good one. What do you think?"

Tenspot thought so, too.

Love's Fashion Note.

The Paris modistes have declared against the small waist, and have decided that twenty-seven inches is now the correct measurement for the feminine figure.

The word is passed across the seas

The wasp-like waist must go—

Myrtilla now will breathe with ease—

"Twere well for her, I know.

Ah, yes, this fact I can't dispute.

And yet on me 'tis tough

The coat sleeve of my evening suit

Will not be long enough.

Time was when it extended quite

Around her lissome waist

As tenderly we said "Good-night."

And modestly embraced.

Alas! to fashion I must bow.

And some new scheme invent

For twenty-seven inches now

Is Myrtilla's measurement.

SHE—Why do you like the old English style of spelling?

HE—I always want "U" in the parlor.



2 where they find them safe and sound the following spring.

CUT HERE



1—Mr. and Mrs. Sprocket Wheeler put their bicycles away for the winter in the cellar—

A Bad Likeness.

A convulsive shudder shook his frame.

"This—"

The Spirit of the Father of His Country spoke

through the painted lines.

"Isn't the least—"

The accents were as bitter as gall, and sarcasm

reigned over all.

"But—"

A sneer curled the aforesaid lips, and a

cold, icy glitter shown balefully in

the eyes.

"Like me!"

It was with disdainful dissatisfaction

that the poorly executed picture, by a

modern artist, of George Washington,

thus apostrophised spaces.

Having declared his sentiments a con-

vulsive shudder shook his frame.

And no wonder.

The Reward of Genius.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the visitor, in astonishment, gazing out of the window of the sanctum of the Jayville Herald. "What are those queer-looking objects squirming around out there in the yard?"

"That," replied the able editor, "is a load of wood with which Farmer Whetlock paid his subscription yesterday. The hot sun has warped the sticks till they are so crooked they cannot lie still."

When Fall is Here.

Over mellowed fruits and golden sheaves
Let poets get the dumps—
The time the common mortal grieves
Is when his gas bill jumps.

Valse tempo. THE SANTA MARIA MARCH.

San . ta, San.ta Ma.ri.a, my
joy, my pride, San . ta, San.ta Ma.ri.a, My
souls de light, San . ta San.ta Ma.ri.al For
life my guide, I ca . ress you, A God will bless you
wom . an, wom.an so fair! I ca . ress you, A God will bless you

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wom . an, wom.an so fair! Piu mosso Oh.
rav . ish . ing this is, No words de . scrib . e this, No
mor . tal ev . er loved as I, And an . gel, oh, so beau.ti . ful, and so en
chant . ing, an . gel white, En tran . cing child of light, My
eyes, I lift on bend . ed knee, My thanks a . bove to thee!